

The Game, The Documentary

Boy talks to lady to start the song)

(Verse 1 - Game (DRE))

What happened in hip hop
That got Pac and Big shot
The thicks plots
Now every rapper claim
He let his clique pop
But even myself tote a gun
And know to run then get shot
Ive been there before
Now im fuckin with Doc
(Gotta do them Calvin Broadus numbers)
If not i push rocks
Anticipatin my incarceration
Media think im fakin like Mason
But when it comes to mase
Fuck Off Kelly i dont take it in the face
I find out who sprayed it
I'm putting you under the pavement
No buddhist, priest, catholic, or baptist pastor can save him
Im far from religious
But i got beliefs, so i put
Cannary yellow diamonds
In my jesus piece
I came back from the dead
Without a part of my chest
Layed in a hospital bed on cardiac arrest
I waited for 3 years
While everybody else dropped
Now i understand why NAS
Did a song with his pops

(CHORUS x2)

Im ready to die
Without a reasonable doubt
Smoke chronic and hit it
Doggy style before i go out
Until they sign my death certificate
All eyez on me
Im still at it, illmatic
And thats THE DOCUMENTARY

(Verse 2)

If i die my niggas, fuck it
I did a song with Mary Blige, my niggas
Got a hook from Faith
No verse from Jay
I guess on westside story
He thought i spit in his face
Told Ed Lover and Money Luv
I was talkin to Ja
With that mayback line
It was payback time
Keep fuckin with me nigga
Ill put you under me
Take your car and trade it in
For eight 3 hundred C's
If you cross my T
I'll dot your Eyes
You do life in a cementary
Ill do mine with Shyne

Come home sit in the thrown
With my legs crossed
And my air force
Middle finger up
Fuck the world
Cause im feelin like Puff
When Life After Death hit
Mo' money, mo' problems
And i lost my best friend
Im the second dopest nigga
From compton u'll ever hear
The first nigga only put out albums
Every 7 years (haha)

(Game (Commentator))
(You know what speakin of Jay
That just makes me roll down
Now your song westside story)
Ohh Ohh
(You got a line that says
Dont wear throwbacks
Or drive, ride in maybacks,
Is that a shot at Jay?)
Naa, i was talkin about Ja Rule
Yeah, So, Yeah, i got a lot of
Respect for Jay
You know what im saying
I never take shots at legends
Thats just something i dont do

(Verse 3 - Game (Busta))
Let me tell you why i do this shit
Im a son of a gun
Cause moms was a hoover crip
First day i got signed
I had to prove i spit
Freestyle with Busta Rhymes
(son, duke is sick)
The prodigee' of Doc Dre.
I could finally put the shoes on
Now that the rumors of Rakim and Q gone
They say truth hurts
Sunk, like quick sand
Dont stop me in traffic
And ask about hitman
I gotta restore the feelin
It crawled from under the rock
After the dog pound
Crushed the buildings
I got a family to feed
Im the middle of 9 children
We can talk about a loan
After i sell 5 million
If i tell you i aint Game
And i dont know Dre.
You gonn do me like X-Zibit
And cut half of my face?
I take all the credit
For putting the west
Back on the map
If you aint feelin that
Guess I'm Gorilla Black!!!

(CHORUS x1)

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Smoke chronic and hit it
Doggy style before i go out
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All eyez on me
Im still at it, illmatic
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